A TRAMP WITH NERVE.

HE WAS USED TO DIGGING UP CORPSES AND DIDN'T FEAR GHOSTS.

A Trick That Failed to Work in One Case. The Vagrant Was at Home in a Graveyard as Some Prominent Business Men Learned After an Attempt to Scare Him.

Will J. Davis told the saunterer a tale that smacks of the flavor of frontier life and is so different from the usual type of floating anecdotes that it is worth a place in a newspaper. He calls it the story of the tramp with nerve. The scene is a prosperons little town on the Union Pacific road. There the engine had to stop for water and from there also a stage line or two diverged, so that it was a bustling metropolis for a small town on the wide plains. But the place had a greater reputation than the stage line or its commercial importance could give it. It was the station where the tramps were "fired" from the trains coming east and going west. They were so many in number that they became a great nuisance, for they had to be cared for in some way, else the results of their predatory excursions would cause general sorrow.

The business men were all a healthy, robust, jolly lot of fellows, every one ready and anxious to play a practical joke when he could do it without endangering his own physical welfare. They put their heads together—for there is wisdom in a multitude of counsel-and finally a plan of campaign was agreed upon. Each new tramp visitor was to be met by a committee of one, who would formally wish him all sorts of bodily comfort and material success with mental serenity. He would be escorted to the leading restaurant, and at the town's expense the best dinner was given him, topped off by a satisfying drink and a good

THE GREAT SCHEME. And when the victuals and viands had warmed him up to a condition of mellowness and the fumes of a first class cigar had fulled his brain into a placid state this committeeman unraveled to him a scheme that would pan out rich to any one undertaking it. It was this: A rich and miserly woman, so the narrative ran, had died a few days ago, and her last request was that her diamonds, valued at \$10,000, should be sewed up under her left arm and buried with her. It was the desire of the committeeman to undertake this job of resurrecting the body and getting the diamonds, and there was only one obstacle in the way. He could get no one to go in with

Every one in town was too cowardly and dared not do it in spite of the confidential offer made by a local jeweler that he would give \$2,500 spot cash for the jewels. "If you go in with me," the committeeman would remark, "you can have one-half in hard dollars, or \$1,250." The offer was always accepted and the fun began without delay. The citizens had on hand a lot of the tools of a grave resurrectionist, all ready for use. This joke was played on every tramp on the day of his arrival, and so that no time should be lost and no more money expended in his care than was absolutely necessary the same night was the time fixed for the deed.

In anticipation of the arrival of vagrants a committeeman was appointed each day. There was great disappointment in the town when the diurnal tramp failed to put in an appearance. Generally they were quite punctual. Their visits averaged five a week. The tramp of nerve came on the day that Will Davis, calmly waiting his arrival when the train pulled in, was to officiate. He was a dirty, greasy, wholly dilapidated appearing fellow, with a desperate air and a determined pock marked face. The word was passed round that the victim had come. the other distinguished visitors had been treated-with an excellent dinner and cigars. He was at the top notch of physical comfort. A hearty dinner, old rye and a Havana have a wonderful effect on a tramp's nature.

IN THE CEMETERY. Then the grave robbing scheme was broached. The man thought it a capital idea and a mighty good way to earn a pile of money. "Pard, I can give you some points on raising 'stiffs,' " he said to Davis. "I'm an oldhand at the business and no one can do a better piece of work in that line than I can," So the preparations were completed and the two waited for nightfall. The town jokers also got ready. In due time Davis and his friend went to the cemetery with their tools and rigging and commenced to work.

By way of digression it may be stated that twelve or fifteen fellows supplied themselves with white sheets and revolvers and also went to the graveyard beforehand. Each one threw the sheet about him and hid behind a convenient grave-stone. In the midst of the resurrection proceedings-of course it was on a mound prepared for the purpose that they operated-these figures would rise up simultaneously and with a series of unearthly yells would fire off the blank cartridges with which the revolvers were loaded.

The committeeman would beg his friend the tramp to fly for his life, and in every case heretofore the tramp had dropped spade and tackle, and with yells outwying the ghostly apparition would take to his heels and get him out of sight as far as his legs would carry him. He would never come back again, and that was the way the town got rid of its tramp visitors and had heaps of fun in securing that result. But Will Davis' tramp was another kind

of breed. When he had dug a big hole and seemed to be in a fair way of reaching the buried treasure the figures rose up according to custom and began firing. Davis rolled over and exclaimed: "Oh, Pm shot, Pm killed. Run, run for your life." Did the tramp run? Not a bit of it. He turned to Davis and in a courageous voice said: "Partner, I'm here with you, and I'm going to stay with you." And he took a big revolver from each of his hip pockets and began to fire, directing his bullets where he thought the other shots came from. He fired real balls, and Davis said that he could hear them ringing against the gravestones, and he trembled for the safety of his joking comrades.

The way those jokers got out of that cemetery was a caution. They did not run, but like a lot of snakes they wriggled and crawled out. Fortunately no one was injured, and it is a wonder, too, for that tramp seemed to know how to use a revolver. Will Davis was only too glad to quit work and get back to town on the plea that the surprise had disjointed his nerves. It was some time after this before they treated their tramp visitors in a like manner.-Chicago Post.

The Judge Laughed Last and Best. A lull in the conversation gave the man from Kentucky his opportunity. "Talking about the law's delay," he began, knocking the ashes from his elgar, which had gone out while the colonel was telling one of his Indian stories, "we've got a judge down in Louisville who won't let the lawyers fool with him. Not long ago a young attorney was out with the boys pretty much the whole of the night previous to the day set for the trial of one of his clients. The accused man was a negro known as 'Black Satan,' who was charged with burglary and larceny. When the lawyer was awakened at 9 o'clock, an hour before court opened, he felt little like try-

ing a case, but he managed to dress and appear in court. The judge called the case of the negro. and the lawyer made every effort to get an adjournment. He was not ready for trial, but as he had no valid excuse, the judge insisted that 'Black Setan' be arraigned at

"Then the lawyer played his trumpeard. He peremptorily challenged twenty of the venire of jurymen, thus leaving only four of them. He had a legal right to do this, but the judge naturally was considerably put out. His honor, however, held the right bower.

"'I direct the sheriff to have a venire of fifty jurors here at 8 o'clock tonight,' he said; 'we will try this case then."

"'But, your honor'-pleaded the lawyer. "That's enough," was the answer. The case was tried that night, but the negro was not half defended. His lawyer's nerves were all shattered by the loss of sleep, and at 9:30 o'clock the case was in the jary's hands. The lawyer was awakened from his sleep in his chair at midnight to be told that his client had been convicted of one charge. The jury disagreed on the other. Since that time that judge has not been troubled much by lawyers who neglect their client's interests."—New York Trib-

A Story of Meissonler.

Meissonier once got acquainted with a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of posing as an art patron, but slightly penurious. One day Meissonier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the tablecioth. "One could draw upon it," he remarked; and, suiting the action to the word, he produced a pencil and made on the smooth, snowy nap a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The particular tablecloth in question never want to the wash. The "economical swell" had the head carefully cut out of the dumask, and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterward Meissonier again breakfasted with his patron, and found by the side of his plate, at the corner of the table assigned to him, a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders, with a penknife and some India

While the guests at the conclusion of the repast were enjoying their coffee and cigarettes, the host saw with delight, "from the corner of his eye," that Meissonier was hard at work on the tablecloth-this time with a superb little full length of a medieval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the "economical swell" rushed back to the dining room to secure his treasure, but alas! the painter had for once shown himself as economical as his patron. He had made disastrously good use of his pen knife, and one corner of the tablecloth was gone, balberdier and all!-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Three Women in a Horse Car.

There was but one vacant seat in the car. Two men, an old, gray baired lady, who was lame in one leg, and a black haired, black eyed and extremely pert looking miss of fourteen, perhaps, got in at a street corner. The men stood up. The old lady saw the vacant seat and moved slowly towark it. The miss, who was just behind her, also saw the seat. She moved rapidly toward it. She plowed past the old lady and captured the seat. She dropped

into it and looked around triumphantly. A sweet faced young woman, handsome ly dressed and with big and sympathetic eyes, was plainly displeased at the girl's pre-emption of the seat. She rose quickly and gave her seat to the lady. Then she said indignantly to the miss, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself?"

"How much do you get," replied the pert, one, with a toss of her head, "for mindin' other folks' business?"

Before the young woman could answer the old lady spoke, "She gets in this case," she said, "the thanks of a very tired

A banch of violets was pinned to the young woman's muff. When she left the car a few moments later the flowers lay in the old lady's lap.-New York Times.

No Black Ink.

That is a queer phrase that we often hear. "As black as ink," As if ink were ever particularly black! Perhaps the phrase originated when the art of making jet black ink was not yet lost, and when "inky cloak," he undoubtedly meant a perfectly black one. The Listener had some jet black inks offered him, but every one of them was either merely gray on the paper or else tinged with purple, and the purple tinged inks had a tendency to thicken and clog on the pen or else rub from the paper. Not long ago the Listener bought a bottle of ink which was made by a reputable house and "warranted to write jet black on the instant." It turned out to be a miserable pale stuff. Perhaps its proprietor, by dint of representing it to be jet black, has come really to believe that it s jet black. Perhaps it is more charitable to suppose that he is color blind. An honest, clear and freely writing black ink is the great will-o'-the-wisp of the Nineteenth century.-Boston Transcript.

Practical Jokes in Scotland.

In a country house in Scotland one day, at luncheon, a pie appeared on the table, being placed opposite a rather nervous old lady. When the pie was cut it was discovered to be full of live frogs and mice, which jumped and ran in every direction, causing great havoc among the woman guests.

A very dignified old gentleman staying there had the pockets of his overcoat filled with red herrings, and two particularly fine specimens were tied to the tails of his coat. When he went out he was followed by all the dogs in the country.

An apple pie bed is an ordinary mode of amusement in houses of this kind. It consists of arranging the sheets in such a way that the victim, on getting into bed, finds himself in a bag, and has to take all the clothes to pieces and rearrange the bed.-New York World.

The Ever Ready Club.

Policeman-This man is an impostor, sir. He pretended to be lame and was getting alms from the public.

News.

Justice-But, officer, the man is lame His limp is too real to be assumed. Policeman-It is now, your honor. I hit him a clip that's gave him something to limp for .- Puck.

Grammatical Point. Studious Boy-Jerry Judd asked,"Which is the safest, ice yachting or summer sailing?" Is that correct? Father - No. He should have said, "Which is the more dangerous?"-Good

JUDGE NOT IN MASTE!

Ne'er be hasty in your judgment, Never foremost to extend Evil mention of a neighbor Or of one you've call'd a friend. Of two reasons for an action

Choose the better, not the worst. Oft, with some, the meaner metive Ever strikes the fancy first. Then be gentle with misfortune; Never foremost to extend Evil mention of a neighbor, Or of one you've call'd a friend.

Judge not with detracting spirits Speak not with disdainful tongs Nor with hard and hasty feeling Do one human creature wrong. Words there are that, sharp as winter,

Strip the little left to oheer.
Oh, be yours the kinder mission.
Prone to soofhe, not cause a tear.
Then be gentle with misfortine;
Never foremost to extend Evil mention of a neighbor Or of one you've call'd a friend

-New York Ledger.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve The best salve in the world for Cut's Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, of no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Matthews Bros.

MOTHS AND THE BROADWAY LAMP. Detectives Hunt for Criminals in

the City's Great Thoroughfare. "I am waiting for a bunco sharp who ought to have got into town yesterday or the day before from New Orleans," said a detective from police headquarters, who stood in a doorway on Broadway, near Twenty-sixth street. "He has been out of town for nearly two years, but he had to skip New Orleans on account of a heavy job he put up on a farmer down there. We've got to get him and send him back. I never saw him with whiskers, but I'm told he wore 'em when he started north, You see I missed him at the depot. He didn't come in on the express. Probably got off at the last stop and came in on a local. I think he'll be along here some time today.

"That's a peculiarity of the crook in this city. He adores New York to an extent that leads him into taking all sorts of risks, and be simply can't stay away from this strip of land right along here on Broadway. Now, there are certain dives all through this locality where crooks are in the habit of congregating, but when one of them is wanted he will avoid these places, knowing that they are the first spots ex-amined by the police. They are like amined by the police. They are like ostriches, however, that stick their heads into the sand about Broadway and come out here in the boldest way, thinking themselves lost in the crowd.

"I was on a burglary case a few months ago, and was looking for a man who was good for fifteen years when I once got the iron on him. Well, I did the down town and up town resorts for weeks, and never set eyes on the chap. I went into dens where anywhere from ten to twenty jail birds would be, but my man never showed

"I was beginning to get tired, when one day I thought I would walk up Broadway. I was going by the St. James hotel when I saw a quiet looking, well dressed man with gray mustache and beard standing on the steps. His high bridged nose and small eyes were familiar. I made as though I was going to enter the hotel, and got close enough to look at his right cheek. There was the mark I was looking for-a long scar just under the beard where it grew thin on the cheek.

"I took my man without any more ado, and he said when we were on the way to headquarters that Broadway had always got him into trouble. It really is the most fascinating street in the world, you know, and I don't blame the boys for sticking to it, even if it does play them false. Hello! There's Mr. Bunko. I'll have to be excused. All the way from New Orleans, and on Broadway the first day."

The detective stepped from the doorway walked up behind a young man with a sandy beard, and touching him on the shoulder slipped a pair of handcuffs on him, and before a crowd could gather had him on a horse car bound for police head-

The Tusks of an Elephant. "The tusks of an elephant are the upper

ncisors of the breast. They are not intended for chewing, however, but for defense. You find all through creation the most astonishing adaptation of the teeth to necessity. You are familiar, of course, with the mighty ivory lance of the narwhal, ten or twelve feet in length and strong and sharp enough to be driven through the side of a ship. That lance is simply the left upper incisor of the mammal. Once in a while by a freak both of the upper incisors will be developed in the narwhal so that it is equipped with two spears instead of one. The tooth in this case is designed for a weapon in fighting. The female has

Look at the sawfish. The entire length of its saw, which is a prolongation of the nasal process, is fringed with teeth. Again you have a weapon merely, the manner of e creature being to strik for the purpose of wounding its prey. In mammals, however, the teeth are restricted to the jawbones. Lizards and snakes Shakespeare made Hamlet talk about his have them on the bones of the palate as well. True bony teeth are peculiar to animals which have backbones.

The most elaborate dental apparatus known belongs to the sea urchin, whose jaws are composed of forty pieces, moved by forty separate muscles. Snails have a sort of ribbon with which they rasp their food as with a file. Anteaters, though they are mammals, have no teeth at all; but they get there just the same, having no need to chew their prey. The whalebone whale is another mammal that has no teeth, its practice being to swallow its food whole.-Interview in Washington Star.

Going to Canossa, A correspondent asks: "What is meant by going to Canossa?"

The saying refers to the humiliating pilgrimage made by the Emperor Henry IV to Italy in the year 1077. Henry had objected to the claims advanced by Gregory Hildebrand, and, refusing to submit, was excommunicated by that pontiff. The emperor at first laughed at the sentence, but took a more serious view when he found himself deserted even by his personal attendants, and resolved on a journey to Italy to make his peace with the pope. ter was then at the Castle of Canossa, a fortress of the Countess Mathilda, and situated in the mountains of Modena. Thither the emperor hastened, but the pope refused to see him save under the most degrading conditions.

The desperate situation of Henry compelled him to submit, and for three days and nights, barefooted and bareheaded clad only in a hair shirt, the raiment of a penitent, he waited at the gate. At the end of this fearful penance, which was un-dergone in the month of January, he was admitted to the papal presence, was absolved and received his dominions as a gift from the pope. The expression has ever since been current as indicative of abject submission on any terms imposed by the conqueror.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The first step in the development of the stove was an open hearth. In some nations it has never advanced beyond that stage The Esquimau to this day, and the Indian, too, for the matter of that, heat their dwellings by building a fire in the center of the room or hut, and permitting the smoke to escape through a hole in the roof. The consideration of light requires that this hele should be large enough to give easy egress to the vapor, and the larger of course, the more heat will escape. At the same time the inmates of the dwelling will have the same trouble that tormented the life of Kit Carson's pioneer. If he have fire enough to warm him he will born: if he have not enough it will do him no good.-Chicago Herald.

The Place for the Scarfpin. In all scarfings the scarfpin must be placed so that, when seen through the waistcoat opening, it will appear in the center of that space. To be placed too high in the scarf, too low, or on one side, would destroy the conformity.-Clothier and Furnisher

Walking Versus Cycling. Some think that cycling is a substitute for the use of one's legs in the way most natural. It is certainly a faster method of getting over the ground; in other respects it is vastly inferior to the old original form of exercise. Even the accomplished cyclist cannot help letting his thoughts center upon his machine, and the various hazards to which he and it are exposed. Is the hill in front too steep to ride up? Is the hill below steep enough to permit of an abandonment of the treadles and a surrender to that voluptuous pleasure of brisk motion through space, which has something more than humanly agreeable about it? Will children there get out of the way in

time, or is be—the rider—to have the burden of boyshughter upon hissoul? And so on. In truth the cyclist is not balf the man that the pedestrian is at the time of their respective exercise. The pedestrian can whistle and swing his stick, and look to the right and left of him, peep with sweet deliberation into the cottage by the way, wherein he sees a smooth cheek and a glad blue eye, which to the cyclist, urged on by his fate, are a mere flash of possibilities and the next moment nothing at all. The cyclist sees too much and too little. may have a fair general knowledge of the country he has sped through; but of the details he can recount little. It is no such immense achievement to watch the scurrying of the vellowhammer from one point of the hedge to another five yards further, then another five yards on, until at length, as if it were out of patience with the harm-

off obliquely toward a turnip field. Still the man afoot may take an interest in birds; or if he be a lover of plants he may see a score of kinds amid the undergrowth of the hedge at a single protracted look; aye, and without any fuss stoop down and examine them. The cyclist, on the other hand, has a confused vision of greenery and plowed fields or ripening grain. It is as if he had eaten his dinner of a fowl and a tart or two all being jumbled horribly together. - All the Year

lessness of the advancing biped, it whistles

The Good Old Fashion.

The enchantment of distance, like the haze of Indian summer, is undeniable, but t is atmospheric. It is not a part of the thing seen, it is the medium through which we see it. The old fashioned winter is such a winter as sometimes occurred when there was not a new fashioned winter-that is to say, that sometimes winter was mild, sometimes severe, as it is now. But there is no good old fashioned quality -heroism, self sacrifice, manly persist ence, truthfulness and honor in all dealing-which has gone out of fashion.

Genius, indeed, fluctuates from age to age. There are splendid epochs of art and literature—the age of Pericles, of Augustus, of the Medici, of Elizabeth; but the age of character, of public and private virtue, is perpetual. One voice may whisper that the Decalogue and the golden rule have nothing to do with politics. But a greater voice, swelling into a chorus of conviction, silences it by saving that politics are moral principles applied to public affairs. The beauty of the moral universe, like that of visible nature, never becomes old fashioned.—George William Curtis in Harper's,

No Winter Climate Like Our Own. There is no winter climate elsewhere to ompare with that found in our extreme southwest or in Mexico, and the sooner we put this fact into poetry and literature and begin to make a tradition of it the better will it be for our peace of mind and for our children. And if the continent does not satisfy us, there lie the West Indies within a few hours' sail, with all the luxuriance and geniality of the tropics. We are only half emancipated yet. We are still apt to see the world through the imagination of England, whose literature we adopted, or

of Germany.
To these bleak lands Italy was a paradise, and was so sung by poets who had no conception of a winter without frest. We have a winter climate of another sort from any in Europe; we have easy and comfortable access to it. The only thing we need to do now is to correct our imagination, which has been led astray. Our poets can at least do this for us.-Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Biggest Bell in America. The largest bell in America is that of Notre Dame cathedral, Montreal, which hangs in the south tower. It is 6 feet high, 8 feet 7 inches in diameter and weighs 24,780 pounds. 'It is ornamented with in the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with emblems of agriculture, commerce and industry. It was east in London in 1847. In the opposite tower hangs a chime of ten bells, the smallest weighing 897 pounds, the largest 6,011; total, 21,696 pounds. The largest bell in the United States is the alarm bell on city hall, New York, which was cast by Blake, of Boston,

It is 6 feet high, 8 feet in diameter and

weighs 23,000 pounds,-Chicago Herald, A Queer Cure for Sore Eyes. Funnily enough, an Egyptian connects a woman with any suffering that may come to his eyes. If they ache or hurt he looks out for a blonde woman named Fatima, begs from her a bit of bread and information as to where he will find six more Fatimas, that he may ask the same favor of each. Fortunately for him, they do not all have to be blondes, and a wise Egyptian father, seeing the value of the name, is apt to give it to one of his daughters, so there are plenty of Fatimas. Whether the English speaking maiden makes eyes suffer

or not, who can say?-New York Sun. Not Very Steady.

The late Rev. Mr. Barty, of Ruthven, was a man brimful of humor, and many good stories are told of him. A vacancy having occurred in the office of grave digger, one Peter Hardie made application for the appointment. The parish is small, consisting of five farms. The rate per head having been duly fixed, the minister and Peter just about closed the bargain, when Peter, with an eye to self interest, said:

"But am I to get steady wark?" "Keep's a'! Peter," answered Mr. Barty; "wi' steady wark ye'd bury a' the parish in a fortnicht!"—London Tit-Bits.

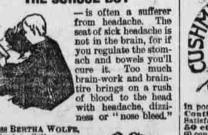
When Turtles Were Big.

"Of the turtles it may be said that they represent the most ancient type of all ver-tebrates, resembling closely as they do the reptiles of their kind which existed so far back as the mesozoic era. There were sea tortoises during that epoch which measured twenty feet in spread of flippers, while some tertiary tortoises were not less big in body, measuring twelve feet from head to tail.—Interview in Washington

By beating out between pieces of membrane gold may be formed into leaves of such thinness that 282,000 of them will make a pile one inch in height; a single ounce of gold may thus be spread over a hundred square feet.

There are about 105 women to every 100 men; one-quarter of the population of the world die before the age of seventeen years; only one in a thousand lives to be 100 years old and only six in a thousand reach sev-

THE SCHOOL BOY



Miss Bertha Wolfe,
of Dayton, Cattaraugus
Co., M. Y., writes: "I
suffered from loss of
appetite, constipation,
neuralgia, and great
weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick
headache very frequently; also nose
bleed. My health was
so poor that I was
not able to ge to school
for two years. I took
Dr. Pierce's Piesaant
Pellets and Golden
Medical Discovery, and
in a short time I was strong an
friends are taking your med
what they have done for me."



For purity, and for improvement of the com-plexion, nothing equals PORRONI'S Powder.

One of North America's Great Men. Three-fourths or more of Sir John A. Macdonald's political career has been spent in office. His success is due to no mere cleverness or tact or personal magnetism, though he possesses all these qualities in extraordinary degree. In grasp of principles and perfection of practice he surpasses most British statesmen. He is an omniver-ous reader, and the first destination of all the new books received at the Parliament-ary library at Ottawa is at his house, Stadacona ball. The adroitness, therefore, with which he shapes his policy to the needs of the hour is not wholly due to inspiration; it is a result of vast knowledge

and profound experience. The fuscination he exerts on all with whom he comes in contact is remarkable. One in a rage will go to him determined "to have it out with John A." He is received by a man of striking presence and easy, chivalrous manner, who begins by talking of the weather, digresses and discourses, tells an anecdote for two, and by and by conducts his visitor to the door -the object of his visit not so much as mooted. In the art of charming away hostile or inconvenient deputations he is unmatched. It is seldom indeed that such amiability and charm, such an airy veil of "sweetness and light," have concealed in one uncomely heap, soup, joint, the wing so great strength and decision of character. -National Observer.

Aaron Burr was by nature and training a man of extraordinary self control. He allowed no circumstance to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to the late Richard H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the callousness which aided Burr so greatly in controlling himself. Several years after the death of Hamilton-killed by Burr in a duel-Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereux, of Salem, paid him some attentions. The visitor was taken to the Boston athenæum, where, while the two men were walking through the gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch

sight of a bust of Hamilton. The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no; Burr was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and although Mr. Devereux had instictively turned away he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah! Here is Hamilton!" Then passing his fingers along certain lines of the face he added, "There was the poetry!" ilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind.

Stories of Swift.

I only know one good humored anecdote of Swift. It is very slight, but it is fair to tell it. He dined one day in the company of the lord keeper, his son and their two ladies, with Mr. Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise, and then, as it were, recollecting himself, said, "Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon." One can fancy this occasioning a pleasant ripple of laughter. There is another story I cannot lay my hands on to verify, but it is to this effect: Falkner, Swift's Dublin publisher, some years after the dean's death, was dining with some friends, who rallied him upor his old way of eating some dish-I think asparagus. He confessed Swift had told him it was the right way, therefore they laughed the louder, until Faulkner, growing a little angry, exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, gentlemen, if you had ever dined with the dean, you would have eaten your asparagus as he bade you."—Speaker.

Treatment for Gas Poisoning. Loosen the clothing at the neck, Slap the face and chest with the wet end

Apply warmth and friction if the body

or limbs are cold. Take the man at once into the fresh air.

Don't crowd around him. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side. If the breathing is feeble or irregular artificial respiration should be used and kept up until there is no doubt that it can ne

longer be of use. Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all, aromatic ammonia, to sixteen parts of water) in small quantities at short intervals, a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.-Hall's Journal of Health.

THE COSTLIEST GIFT.

I give you a day of my life-Freasure no gold could buy-For peasant and peer are at one When the time comes to die; And all that the monarch has, His koh-i-noor or his grown, He would give for one more day

Ero he lay his sweet life down. They are winged, like the viewless

wind—
These days that come and go-And we count them, and think of the But the end we cannot know:

The whole world darkens with pain When a sunset fades in the west-. I give you a day of my life, My uttermost gift and my best.

-Louise Chandler Moulton in Youth's Com-



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For sale by Matthews Bros., Druggists,



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For Delicacy,

From the M. Y. Tribune, Nowf, 1803.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31. - Fhe first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co. in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

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The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants, who will accept THE TRIBUNE FLOUR COUPON of 25 on each one hundred pounds of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

FLOUR

of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

Scranton—F. P. Price. Washington avenus to Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. P. Price. Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. P. Price. Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Gold Medal Brand; Joseph A. Mears, Main avenus, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge—A.L.Spencer. Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHala, Superlative.
Providence—Fenner & Chappell. N. Main avenus, Superlative Brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Markot stroot, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Kelser. Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
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We have the following supplies of Lumber secured, a prices that warrant us in expecting a large share of the trade.

Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles. "Victor" and other Michigan Brands of White Pine and White Cedar Shingles, Michigan White and Norway Piue Lumber and Bill Timber. North Carolina Short and Long Leaf Yel-

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